

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

VOL. IV.

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NO. 1.

THE JOY OF CHRIST.

"BE of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid." Jesus uttered these words to his friends when they saw him walking on the sea, and were troubled, and said "It is a spirit." Is not this the true voice of Jesus now and ever—"Be of good cheer"? Do we not dwell too much upon the story of the life of Jesus as a mournful tale? And do we not so teach children? He is always spoken of as the "Man of sorrows." We dwell upon the privations he endured, the persecutions and insults he experienced, his loneliness, his disappointments, the weakness, unfaithfulness and treachery of his friends, and his cruel death.

Was this all that is to be told of Jesus? Let us set aside the idea of a future reward which might have sustained his soul, of the crown of glory that was set before him in the world of infinite purity to which he was passing away, and dwell simply upon the glory and joy of his

life here in this hard world which was so cruel to him. I see not only an infinite glory, but an infinite joy in his life as I read of it in the Gospel. I find that in it which ever says to me, "Be of good cheer." Jesus, I believe, was a cheerful being: did not the scribes and Pharisees find fault with him because he ate with publicans and sinners, and because his disciples did not fast? and did he not, in his vindication of his friends, compare the pleasure they enjoyed together to that which the bridegroom enjoys with his friends? Did they not accuse him of "coming eating and drinking," and call him a wine-bibber? While these charges of the Pharisees showed their malice, they also prove that there was nothing gloomy, nothing ascetic in the life and manners of Jesus, but on the contrary, that which indicated a genial nature and a rejoicing soul.

Another evidence of the cheerfulness and happiness of Jesus was the intimacy of children with him. Children turn away from a gloomy and sad countenance; but in the life of Jesus they are spoken of as if they followed him; and when he would show his disciples an image of heavenly innocence and he takes a child for his illustration, you feel as if the little teacher was close by, waiting on his steps, and perhaps having hold of his hand, ready to take its part in the unconscious lesson it was to give. We are led to believe that he enjoyed outward nature, who speaks with such a loving admiration of the beauty of the lilies of the field as did Jesus. He walked about with his disciples on the Sabbath day, which was a day of gloom and retirement with his countrymen, but not so with him and his followers. It seems to me as if the countenance and manner of

Jesus must have said to all, "Be of good cheer." Think too of the infinite joy which Jesus must have experienced from the power he possessed to heal the sick. Take the most selfish being you know, and you would see his hard face beam with joy at finding himself endowed with the power to restore a sick brother to health. What intense delight then must the loving heart of Jesus have experienced when he restored the leper, opened the eyes of the blind, and sent the lame away leaping and rejoicing and praising God.

And what words can do justice to the joy Jesus must have felt as the comforter of the mourner, the restorer of dying hope and drooping faith? Who of us even, selfish as we may be, would not suffer all things for a moment of such joy as Jesus must have experienced from his works of love and mercy? Still more, who can enter into the bliss of Jesus when he saw that his words had raised the lost soul from the grave of sin? When she who had been a sinner washed his feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair to express thus feebly her unutterable love, must not the joy of Jesus at that moment have outweighed a life of privation and sorrow? To be able to say to the agonized, crushed heart, "Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee," who would not suffer all he could endure for such joy? Go through the whole history of Jesus in the Gospel, and imagine yourself performing the works of love that Jesus did, and see if a feeling of intense joy does not glow in your heart?

Another great source of happiness to Jesus must have been that which the noble soul must ever find in the fearless, uncompromising defence of truth even from the very evils which their devotion to it brings upon them as

pledges and proofs of their fidelity. He says to his disciples, "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake. Rejoice in that day, and leap for joy." Did not Jesus here speak of a blessedness he was himself acquainted with? Did he not rejoice, truly rejoice? Who among us are the rejoicing and happy part of the community? They who carefully avoid speaking of the prevailing sins and evils of the times? they who never offend popular opinion? who keep well with the world? who never meddle with established wickedness? Or is it the despised reformers of their day? they who will be satisfied only with the absolute right? Is the religious teacher in the pulpit or in the Sunday school who never speaks of the sin of religious bigotry, of judicial murder, of intemperance, of slavery and other respectable sins, although the world condemn him, happier than he who there and everywhere raises his voice against these and all other crying sins, gladly welcoming all the contumely and evil that may follow? Go and see; you will find these are happy men. Like the early disciples they "break their bread from house to house, and eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart." In the directions of Jesus to the seventy, while he warns them of the difficulties they will encounter, his heart seems full of joy and hope for them. It is said, "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit."

In that most beautiful, most affecting address of Jesus to his friends before his death as related in John, in which all the infinite tenderness of his soul seems to burst forth and to be poured out upon them as if to consecrate

them for the difficult work and the severe trials before them, when it seems as if he could not speak his full, unutterable love, he says to them: "These things have I spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." When I read this last address of Jesus to his friends, although I see the angel of suffering and death approaching him, I cannot help being of good cheer.

The cross has ever been the emblem of the Christian religion. The child when he first hears the sad story of the cross is oppressed with sorrow and fear. Are we not wrong in thus teaching Jesus to children? Is it not possible to convey a more just conception of him? In speaking to a child of a dear departed friend, do we speak to him of his death? especially if that death has been peculiarly painful? Do we not speak of all that was great and good and happy in his life? Do we not enter into his glory and joy rather than dwell upon his sorrows and trials? Do we not talk of the beauty and sweetness of his life? and tell the child that his death was only one event, and that not the most important one, of his being? Not so when we speak of Jesus; his life is spoken of as a life of sacrifice and suffering, and his cruel death is ever dwelt upon. Doubtless the peculiar and mystical views which many Christians have of the efficacy of the death of Jesus in the salvation of the souls of men, has caused this in great part, but those who believe in Jesus as an example for men, as a Savior only in as far as we make him so to our souls, by our obedience to his divine precepts and a faithful imitation of his divine life, these it seems to me, should speak of the death of Jesus as the solemn triumph of a glorious and happy life.

We should teach the child by our words and our lives that true Christianity is the happiest as well as the best thing. And when sufferings come upon us and our minds are perplexed and our hearts are troubled, and we see the spirit of fear walking on the dark waters of life, we shall listen for the words which will not fail to be spoken to us—"Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." So shall we teach our children to trust in his Father and our Father, who hath "loved us with an everlasting love."

E. L. F.

TO HAL.

DEAR HAL.—A long time ago I read in 'The Child's Friend' your letter to your mother, in which you gave her an account of the 'Pic-nic at Dedham;' but long as it is, I have never forgotten it. I have often thought I should like to write to you, and tell you some things which I know about slavery; for you know when we are very much interested in any subject ourselves, and find that others are too, we always feel a strong desire to see, and talk with them about it. Now as I do not know where you live, or even your other name, I have no expectation of seeing you; but I can talk to you on paper, by means of that wonderful invention, the art of writing. How wonderful we should think it, if it were now for the first time made known to us! Miss Hannah Adams, of whom perhaps you have heard, said, that "of all the inventions of human genius it was the most useful, and the

strongest proof of the immortality of the soul." But if I begin to talk of such things as these, I shall forget all about those which I intended should be the subject of my letter. And most delightful would it be, could we always forget man's sins and errors in the contemplation of those noble powers which our Creator has bestowed upon him; and which, were he always true to himself, and earnest in his endeavors to develop them, would elevate our race far above the stand which it now occupies. But this cannot be. We could not if we would avoid seeing all around us instances of folly and sin. The cry of the oppressed will startle us from our reverie when our attention is engrossed by the most beautiful or magnificent objects on which the eye can rest. Nor ought we to wish it otherwise, so long as evils remain in the world which man's efforts may remove. We ought not to cry peace, peace, to ourselves, when no peace exists; but to look steadily at all the wrong-doing among us; and labor diligently for its removal. Some persons will say that it is very foolish to talk to children about slavery; for *they* cannot do any thing for its abolition. It is true they cannot at present, but it will not be long before that objection will be removed. The years, dear Hal, will quickly pass away; and you may, in the pulpit, or at the bar, or perhaps on the floor of Congress, plead the cause of your wronged brethren and sisters, who are "guilty of a skin not colored like your own." I *hope* emancipation will take place before you are old enough to act in the business, but I must confess that my fears are stronger than my hopes. I think it best for those who are growing up to take the place of the present generation, to form right opinions upon all subjects which may in future

years be committed to their decision. And in order that they may form right opinions, they should be led to think upon these subjects by becoming acquainted with facts, which will enable them to view things in a true light.

So now my preface being ended, I will proceed to tell you a true story which may assist you to form a just estimate of slavery.

When I was a little girl—much younger I suspect than you are now, I was not more than four or five years old—a very pleasant and kind black woman used to work at our house. She did not, like some persons, dislike children, and scold whenever they came in her way. She never told me that I interrupted her when she was about her work, but appeared to like to have me with her. She would give me a flat-iron which she had cooled and let me rub it over the coarse towels, and other things which were not very nice; or let me have a piece of paste and a small roller when she was making pies. These things made me love her very much, for the affections of children are easily won. When she found that I was interested enough in her to feel for her sorrows and wrongs, she told me the story of her life. She said, when she was about my age, (remember how young that was!) she, her sister, and some other little black girls, were playing together out of doors. A white man suddenly appeared from behind some trees, and was followed by others. She had never seen one before, and was very much frightened. We have known so many good and kind black persons, that we can hardly imagine how we should feel if we were now for the first time to see a complexion so different from our own, and without

having been told too that there were any such in the world.

Imagine if you can how her terror must have increased when this strange-looking creature came near, seized her, and crowded a handkerchief into her mouth to prevent her cries being heard by those who might have rescued her. I do not know, dear Hal, whether you have any sisters ; but perhaps you have, or cousins, or I think you must be acquainted with some little girls. How should you feel if three or four of them were caught by black men, carried to Africa and there sold for slaves ? Perhaps these little girls had brothers who loved them as much as you would a sister. But to return to little Dinah. She with her playmates, who were caught by the companions of the man who seized her, were carried on board the ship to which the men belonged, and conveyed to America. She could do nothing but think of her father and mother, and cry. The food they offered her was so different from that to which she had been accustomed, that for three days she could not taste it. At the end of that time I suppose hunger made her willing to swallow any thing she could get. When the ship arrived at

" The land of the free,
And the home of the brave,"

as our country is called in song, the little girls were sold to those who would give the most money for them. How could the owners of that ship go to their homes after the business was over, take their own children in their arms, and listen to their innocent prattle, without thinking of the parents whom they had robbed of their best treasures, and the little ones that they had devoted to a life of wretchedness ?

Dinah had not a kind master and mistress. She did not say that she ever was flogged ; she was so good that I think they could hardly have found an excuse for that, but harsh words sometimes wound deeper than blows. Her food and clothes were grudgingly given, and her education wholly neglected. She related to me in sorrowful tones how she longed to learn to read ; and that a schoolmaster who kept near the house where she lived told her to come to him a little while every day, that he would teach her, but that her mistress forbade it. I cannot now remember all she said, for it was a great many years ago, but she wound up her story with—
“And now, here I am, making pies at Mrs. A——’s.”

She was married before I knew her to a very good black man, much older than herself ; whose first wife had left him one child ; and I don’t know but more. The child of whom I speak grew up to be a worthy and well educated man. He kept a school, and lived with his mother-in-law after his father’s death. He taught her to read, and though it is a great deal more difficult for persons to learn after they have grown up than when they are children, Dinah applied herself diligently, and had the satisfaction in her old age of being able to read her Bible without assistance.

Her husband had been a slave in a family of very kind and conscientious people, who considered it their duty to take care of him after he was too old to work, though he had long been emancipated.

They provided for him every comfort he needed in his last sickness ; and continued their kindness to his widow after he died. She had other friends too, who were careful to see that she did not suffer for want of any thing ;

and her last days were made as comfortable as if she had always been free.

But even when from age and infirmity she was unable to rise from her bed, the recollection of all the circumstances which attended her being forced from her home and native land in her infant years was strong as ever. She related them minutely to some of her visitors. She was good and pious, and I doubt not has gone to a happier world.

How must those persons who stole and sold her, feel when they meet her in the unseen state?

I am, dear Hal, yours affectionately,

M. H. A.

THE ESCAPE OF SALICETTI.

[The following story of Napoleon is more to the honor of that great butcher of his fellow men than all his glorious victories. It is taken from the Memoirs of Madam Junot, wife of one of Bonaparte's favorite generals. She, as well as Bonaparte, was a Corsican, and their families had always been intimate.]

ABOUT the year 1794, before the terrible disorders of the French Revolution were entirely over, the family of Madame Junot, who was then quite a young girl, came under suspicion as aristocrats—a suspicion which in those times was quite enough to condemn them to the guillotine. At that time, one of the most influential members of the National Convention was a Corsican, named Salicetti. To escape from the danger they were

in, as suspected aristocrats, Madame Permon, the mother of our author, wrote to him for protection, and he kindly gave it, by recommending her family to the care of the revolutionary officers of the island, and making her son, who, though very ill, was in danger of being drafted into the army, his own secretary. This kindness, you will see by our story, Madam Permon nobly repaid.

Now this Salicetti was a personal enemy of Bonaparte's, who was then only a young captain of artillery, and had used his influence to cause him to be arrested and deprived of his command. Though Bonaparte cleared himself of the charges against him, yet his arrest was an injury to him, and he felt great ill-will towards Salicetti as its author.

But in those days, a man might be in power one day, and proscribed and in danger of his life the next. And so it happened not long after to Salicetti. Disturbances occurred in Paris, in which he and his colleagues were turned out of office and condemned to death, and the party to which Bonaparte (who had now become a general) belonged, obtained the chief power. This was in 1795, and the father and mother of Madame Junot were living in Paris. The rest of the story shall be told in her own words.

"On the morning of the 1st Prairial (18th May), we were awakened by loud shouts in the streets; the tocsin sounded to arms, and another day of blood was added to the terrible calendar of the Revolution.

"Enough has been said of that dreadful day. I recollect that terror reigned everywhere. The conspirators had promised a day of pillage to the three faubourgs (suburbs—where the poor lived), and particularly to that

of St. Antoine. The whole population of this last district was in arms: they were in the extreme of misery."

* * * * *

"While the most tumultuous scenes were passing in the Convention, the respectable inhabitants of Paris shut themselves up in their houses, concealed their valuables, and awaited with fearful anxiety the result. Towards evening, my brother, whom we had not seen during the whole day, came home to get something to eat; he was almost famished, not having tasted anything since morning. Disorder still raged, and we heard the most frightful noises in the streets, mingled with the beating of drums. My brother had scarcely finished his hasty repast, when General Bonaparte arrived, to make a similar demand upon our hospitality."

* * * * *

"Perhaps the most alarming circumstance was the project entertained by Barras, of bombarding the faubourg St. Antoine. 'He is at this moment,' said Bonaparte, 'at the end of the boulevard, and he proposes, so he tells me, to throw bombs into the faubourg. I have counselled him by no means to do so; the population of the faubourg would issue forth and disperse through Paris, committing every excess. It is altogether very sad work. Have you seen Salicetti during the last few days?' he inquired, after a moment's silence; 'they say he is implicated in the affair of Soubrani and Bourbotte. It is suspected too that Romme is compromised by that business. I shall be very sorry for it. Romme is a worthy man, and I believe a staunch and honest republican. As to Salicetti!' here Bonaparte paused, struck his forehead with his hand, contracted his eyebrows, and continued in

a voice trembling with emotion, 'Salicetti has injured me greatly. He has thrown a cloud over the bright dawn of my youth; he has blighted my hopes of glory! I say again he has done me much wrong. However, I bear him no ill will.' My brother was about to defend Salicetti. 'Cease Permon,' exclaimed Bonaparte; 'that man, I tell you, has been my evil genius. Dumberbion really loved me, and would have employed me suitably; but that report, spread at my return from Genoa, and to which malice lent its venom, to make it the foundation of accusation, ought in reality to have been a source of honor to me. No! I may forgive; but to forget is another matter. Yet, as I said before, I bear him no ill will.'

"Next day we learned that the Convention had ordered the arrest of several of its members." Among these was Salicetti.

"This was on the 2d Prairial; my mother expected a party of friends to dinner. She was to leave Paris in a few days for Bordeaux, and in four months was to return with my father to Paris. Bonaparte was one of the company invited to dine with us that day.

"It was six o'clock. One of the guests had arrived, and my mother was in the drawing-room conversing with him, when Mariette came in, and whispered to her, that there was somebody in her chamber who wished to speak with her alone. The girl added, 'I know who it is, madam; you may come.' My mother immediately rose and went to her chamber, and beheld in the embrasure of the window, a man, half concealed by the curtain. He made a sign to her with his hand. My mother called to me, and desiring me to shut the door, advanced to-

wards him and found to her astonishment that it was Salicetti. He was pale as death; his lips were white, and his dark eyes appeared to flash fire. 'I am proscribed,' said he, in an under tone, and in breathless haste;—'that is to say I am condemned to death. But for Gautier, whom I just now met on the Boulevard, I should have been dragged to that den of brigands!'

" 'Madam Permon,' he said after a pause during which his eyes were steadfastly fixed on my mother, 'I hope I have not been deceived in relying on your generosity. You will save me. To prevail on you to do so, I need not, I am sure, remind you, that I saved your son and husband.'

" My mother took Salicetti by the hand, and conducted him to the next room which was my bed-chamber. Several persons had now assembled in the drawing-room, and she thought she heard the voice of Bonaparte. She was ready to faint with terror. In my chamber she knew she could not be overheard. 'Salicetti,' she said, 'I will not waste time in words. All that I can grant, you may command; but there is one thing more dear to me than life, and that is, the safety of my children. By concealing you for a few hours—and this house cannot afford you any longer security—I shall not save you, and I only bring my own head to the scaffold, and probably endanger the lives of my children. I owe you gratitude, but I leave it to yourself whether I ought to carry it thus far.'

" I never saw my mother look so beautiful as when at this moment she fixed her eyes earnestly on me. 'I am not so selfish,' replied Salicetti, 'as to ask for anything that may expose you to such danger. My plan is this,

and on it rests my only hope. This house, being a hotel, will be the last to be suspected. The woman who keeps it has, I presume, no objection to get money ; I will give her plenty ; let me remain concealed here only eight days. At the expiration of that time you are to set out for Gascony ; you can take me with you and thus save my life. If you refuse me an asylum even for a few hours, I shall be dragged to the scaffold, there to forfeit my life, while I saved your husband's and your son's.' 'Salicetti,' said my mother, 'this is unkind and ungenerous : you know my obligation to you, and take advantage of it. I ask you again what I can do for you, in this public hotel, filled with strangers, and the resort of your enemies—for you know Bonaparte is your enemy'—

"At this moment the door opened. My mother ran to the person who was about to enter. It was Albert, who came to inquire why the dinner was delayed. 'All the company have assembled except Bonaparte, who has sent an apology.' My mother clasped her hands in thankfulness. After making an apology for her delay, she returned to Salicetti. He again urged her. My mother did not give an immediate reply. Her frequent change of color betrayed the violent agitation of her feelings. Salicetti who interpreted her silence as a refusal, took up his hat, muttered some words which I did not hear, and was about to leave the room, when my mother caught him by the arm. 'Stay,' she said, 'this roof is yours. My son must discharge his debt, and it is my duty to discharge my husband's.'

* * * * * "My dear mother thought only of her children, when her own head was at stake. She

stayed a minute to recover herself, but when she entered the dining-room, nobody would have suspected that she had such a secret to conceal.

"As soon as the company had departed, my mother acquainted Albert with Salicetti's concealment. My brother trembled for his mother and me, but he saw the necessity of taking precautions for Salicetti's security.

"After some deliberation, it was determined to adopt his own suggestion, and communicate the secret to Madam Gretry, the mistress of the hotel. She readily entered into our views. 'I can manage this affair,' said she; 'it is only necessary that Madam Permon should change her apartment. There is a hiding-place there which saved four people during the reign of terror. It shall save more, at least, while I live here.'"

The next day they received a visit from Bonaparte. He had suspected that Salicetti had taken refuge there, and came to interrogate them; and certainly it must have been hard to stand under the searching look of his eagle eye. But Madam Permon succeeded in baffling him, and he went away. Salicetti was in the next room.

He remained safe in his concealment a number of days. When the time for their departure approached, they sought out and hired a servant who resembled him in appearance, and after keeping him a few days, dismissed him with a month's wages, and gave Salicetti his passport. They then set out with Salicetti on the box of the carriage as their servant, after a farewell visit from Bonaparte, who had been a frequent visitor at their house, during all the time.

They passed the barriers, and arrived in safety at the end of the first post. When the postillion was about to

leave them, he came to the carriage, and gave them the following letter.

“ ‘ I never like to be thought a dupe. I should seem to be one in your eyes, if I did not tell you that I knew of Salicetti’s place of concealment more than twenty days ago. You may recollect, Madam Permon, what I said to you on the first Prairial. I was almost morally certain of the fact : now I know it positively.

“ ‘ You see then, Salicetti, that I might have returned the ill you did me. In so doing, I should only have avenged myself ; but you injured me when I had never offended you. Which of us stands in the better position at this moment ? I might have taken my revenge ; but I did not. Perhaps you will say that your benefactress was your safeguard. That consideration, I confess, was powerful. But alone, unarmed, and an outlaw, your life would have been sacred to me. Go, seek in peace an asylum where you may learn to cherish better sentiments for your country. On your name my mouth is closed. Repent and appreciate my motives.

“ ‘ Madame Permon, my best wishes are with you and your child. You are feeble and defenceless beings. May Providence and a friend’s prayers protect you ! Be cautious and do not stay in the large towns through which you may pass. ADIEU.’ ”

The letter was from Bonaparte. The servant-girl Mariette had betrayed the secret.

W. P. A.

TO A BLIND GIRL.

I do not sigh as some may sigh,
To see thee in thy darkness led
Along the path where sunbeams lie,
And bloom is shed.

I do not weep as some may weep,
Upon thy rayless brow to look :
A boon more rare 'twas thine to keep
When light forsook

A glorious boon ! Thou shalt not view
One treasure from the earth depart ;
Its starry buds, its pearls of dew,
Lie in thy heart.

No need to heed the frosty air,
No need to heed the blasts that chafe,
The scattered sheaf, the vintage spare—
Thy hoard is safe.

Thou shalt not mark the silent change
That falls upon the heart like blight,
The smile that grows all cold and strange—
Blessed is thy night !

Thou shalt not watch the slow decay,
Nor see the ivy clasp the fane,
Nor trace upon the column gray,
The mildew stain.

Ours is the darkness—thine the light,
Within thy brow a glory plays ;
Shrine, blossom, dewdrop, all are bright
With quenchless rays.

From Blackwood.]

CONCLUSION OF THE LETTERS OF THE COUNTESS
OF BUKEBURG.*Extract from an undated letter.*

"WHEN I impartially review my whole life, I find, alas! the greater part of it quite empty, and in the remainder but very little that is good; for I call good, not merely what appears or is remarkable, but what dwells in the inmost heart, and is often passed over as of no consequence—there it is, that I discern an enemy who is more frequently victorious than vanquished. In these reflections, I must condemn myself. Through the mercy of the Most High, I possess a feeling heart and an honest will; when I examine myself, I find that it is my most earnest desire to attain to the true good, and to follow with alacrity and joy whatever path may lead to it. This consciousness has sometimes afforded me a sort of satisfaction, though I have not dared to trust to it, but have often sought to repress it as one of the secret illusions of self-love. Under my many perplexities, the thought has often occurred to me that such self-complacency was in opposition to the humility recommended to us by the Christian religion.

"Upon all these subjects you have set me right and given me new light. When I now examine the life of our Savior, so rich in doctrine and example, I find in it similar instruction and consolation, and only wonder that I had not perceived them before. Henceforward I will no more indulge tormenting fears, but thank the Most High for the good he has bestowed on me, and trust that He will guide me to will and to do according to his good pleasure."

LETTER X.

"I cannot express how agreeable it is to me that you are so little in favor of the restraint of rules. How far they may be of advantage in other cases, I do not know, but in regard to religion, low as my attainments are, I am certain from experience that little is effected by them, nothing indeed as you say, except a habit of servility. They render us feeble, slavish, dry and languid; they cause us to muse rather than act, and make us weary in well-doing. Blessed be God, that you do not so teach Christianity.

"Thanks to you, my worthy teacher, for so kindly reminding me that this beautiful season of the year offers the best of all teaching, being as it were the presence of the Deity. Would that I could attain to that cheerful, joyous forgetfulness of self, which you recommend as the best worship I can at present render to God, and that I could perform it as it ought to be performed. May the grace of God enable me both to will and to do!"

In Letter xii. she again recurs to the subject of the utility of rules, in forming the religious character, and thus continues:

"The only true rule seems to be, that every one should strive to please God in his sphere and in proportion to his faculties; all the rest, arising from the recorded sensations and experience of individuals, can by no possibility be a standard for every one. Of what use is it for me, in imitation of the best examples, to try to force myself into feelings which have not, in times past, been natural to my soul? I must inevitably fall short at the outset, of my aim, and without gaining any advantage render my

path to those attainments which I have already reached, difficult and arduous. Indeed, I believe that it is even wrong for me to scrutinize myself so rigorously, as it tends to remove me farther from God than a genuine reverence for him can require. How rejoiced I am, that I have at last learned to see that in simple sincerity, I may always give myself up to God, just as I am, and where I am, and that I can with greater cheerfulness cling to his promises and commandments, and follow the spirit of Christ, than all artificial rules. Of one thing we remain certain, that when our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God; but even when they condemn us, we may still believe that God is greater than our hearts.—Oh how true is your remark, that by following God's ways, we shall always in the end come to a better standing place than by following our own ways—I will endeavor to make it my own."

The following extract evinces the genuine humility of this lovely woman :

"Do not say of my thoughts and plans, that they are good—they must first *be*; for wishing and seeking are not acting. Your esteem is indeed my encouragement and recompense; but you must constantly bear in mind that there is little which merits praise, when one has every opportunity and encouragement to be good."

"I have been highly entertained for eight days at Wilhelmstein. My lord is now having an observatory built there, and we have been contemplating the moon and stars, the dawn and the rising sun. You may be assured that I have taken peculiar delight in the study. My lord has done me the favor to explain much concerning the

course of the stars, their immeasurable distances and magnitudes, and the course of the sun, moon and earth; and he has entertained me with experiments upon the air, the rays of light, &c., which have been most interesting. I ought to come back wiser and better, and yet I never was more little, mean and dull than I am now. How is it possible for a humble worm of the earth, like man, not to believe in the Infinite and Incomprehensible, not to fear, love and trust Him? Yet high as the heaven is above the earth, so far his mercy reaches. Far as the east is from the west, so far he puts our transgressions from Him. He looketh down on the lowly, and taketh pleasure in the children of men who fear him, and hope in his goodness."

The letter which follows was written during the sickness of her child :

"In the sickness of my only child, I derive more courage and comfort from your counsels, than from the physician. The dawn of day and every beautiful starry evening diffuse brightness over my saddest, darkest prospects, and inspire my heart with filial resignation towards the Creator, and all-wise, all-good Ruler of the universe."—Caroline Herder thus continues, "The child soon after died. The Countess, in a letter to a friend, referring to this event, uses these beautiful touching words. 'I no longer have a child—all, all is gone! But I murmur not. Every time I looked at the waxen form of my sleeping angel, its tranquillity proclaimed to me hope, happiness, future joy, absolute life only through death—two other words it also distinctly uttered to me—No IDOLS!' "

With reference to the same event, she afterwards says,

The following letter appears to have been written upon one of the anniversaries of her brother's death, and accompanied a copy of Pope's Essay on Man, which had belonged to her brother.

"Here is the beloved volume you desired, which is, and always will be, more dear to me than I can express. If any one can boast of having had seraphic emotions only, from childhood upwards, I envy him, without feeling that his experience is of any use to me; but by one who has grown good, wise and noble amid errors and follies, I too am excited to quicken and renew the gifts of God to myself. Pope's Essay on Man is to me an invaluable book. O thou, [apostrophizing her brother] whose hand has so often underscored the lines of this copy in the original, who with these convictions hast overcome—my better half! now made perfect! May I also overcome, while following thee; may I be perfected and united to thee again! Then will I tell thee of the kind friend who made me acquainted with thy best convictions, and in this boon presented me, as it were, with thy tranquillized and peaceful soul—Thou, now, the heavenly, I still the earthly—yet are we still one heart and one soul! No more will I profane thy memory with repining tears; I bless the hand which when taking in thee my idol from me, left me the best and purest part of our affection. Thou comest here again no more; but I go to thee! Yes, my brother, my Jonathan, I come, I come quickly. I hear thy song of jubilee, 'Sin know I no more'!—I answer, 'Guilt no longer bows me down.' Hand in hand we walk together through a fairer life, and sing of the grace and goodness of our God and his Christ, with all our loved ones!

“Ah whither have I wandered? Forgive me. Yet why need I be ashamed before Herder of this memorable day, which four years ago visited my Ferdinand and me, and through united lamentations, consolations and thanksgivings to God, ripened us for heaven?” What was earthly of that hour has vanished, the heavenly has remained. I would not leave it in the grave, but bring it forth to the clear light of day. You and your dear wife must be witnesses of my joy, must tune my songs of praise and exalt my happiness.

“How beautiful was yesterday! The hours were indeed not trifled away; how happy I was made by your reflections on Christ and immortality. As soon as I returned home, I read my favorite chapter, the fifteenth of the first of Corinthians, to the concluding verses of which my whole soul subjoined Amen!

“I know not whether it be right or wrong, but my creed grows every day smaller, shorter, and more general. while my striving after light is ever more urgent, death and the grave continually more bright—and so then, I cannot be in the wrong. For this, I believe I am indebted, next to God, to my daily happy companionship and yourself, and I bless you therefore as I never before have blessed you.

“When you write to Zimmermann, I earnestly entreat you to make no mention of what I have said, not even of my health. If I do not first inform him of the change, he will only be the more mistrustful. Besides, to-day I am very well, and whenever I am otherwise, you should still, dear friends, be entirely tranquil, as it is a beautiful, a wise, yes, the best allotment, a special kindness from the Creator, to possess an earthly crumbling tabernacle;

and I do assure you that so long as God exempts me from severe pain I can contemplate my decay with real pleasure. And should severe pain at length arrive, God would still give strength and patience to endure it; and when the night comes at last, then too we may rest according to God's will, until a morning breaks forth free from pain and sadness, in which we shall feel no regret for having sickened, sighed and wept while here. May it but please God to preserve to me the life of the best of husbands, and your own, my friend, and I know of nothing which can occasion me regret.

My heart with joy upspringing,

Nor grief nor sorrow knows,

'T is full of joy and singing,

And in the sunshine glows.

The sun which on me smileth,

Is Jesus, holy one;

The joy which me reviveth,

It comes from Heaven alone.

"Until I arrive there, yours entirely,

MARIA SCHAUMBERG-LIPPE."

In Letter xxxv., thanking Herder for one of his books, she says, "Of what consequence to me is Quietism, Mysticism, Mahometanism, Jew, Heathen and the rest? Where the Spirit of God is, it is nothing to me in what garb he may be arrayed. It is not the garb, but the life and substance of religion, which I desire, and I have long trusted in Herder that he would give me nothing else; that he would preserve me from all falsehood, and lead me to the true light."—Again, in Letter xlii. she says, "How much—beyond my power to describe, have I been edified by you! Whatever my inward disposition

and outward education had rendered me capable of comprehending has obtained root through you. At the time when I became acquainted with you, I was near to absolute despair. My heart told me before you came, that you would bring me healing and peace. Now, since you have been here, I can say, it has been even so! He brought me healing and peace, and will not take them away with him [alluding to the probable removal of Herder from Bukeburg]. Forget not, what various instruction, warning and support in outward and inward emergencies, you have afforded me, even to your very last letter, in which you answer my inquiries respecting the Mystics. Would that you could know the blessed security and repose it has given me! Believe me, the words, Pastor of souls, spiritual guide, &c. have not with me the contemptuous meaning which they usually convey. I do not however necessarily connect the clerical dress with them, yet when I find such a character wearing a black cloak, I like him all the better, and such are you to me; neither can I admit that it is so very papistical to permit a noble, wise, and deeply sympathizing discernor of the human heart to pass judgment upon my conduct and favorite opinions, and to follow him with more confidence than myself. This however I do not say to every one, but leave each one herein to his own opinion, as I adhere to mine. You can, however, and must, take with you the sincere utterance of my heart, that I owe you much. I am, let me say it without pride, as a bee, turning all I receive from you into honey; by the grace of God, I also store it up, and shall have it to feed on in my winter. Before His throne, you too will find in me your own work in God; in life, I shall remain

your living epistle, and hereafter I shall form a part of your joy and crown. To me you are a lively proof that prayer for things according to God's will, is heard and answered ; therefore this petition also will be fulfilled."

The remaining extracts which we shall give from these letters will exhibit the feelings of the Countess under declining health and the near approach of death.

August 1, 1775.—"It is the will of God that I should not at this time receive the strength and health at Pyrmont, which I found there last year. I am thoroughly convinced that I have taken a step backwards instead of forwards. Holy and merciful is God's fatherly will, and let his name be praised ! I am quite happy, and though my mortal tabernacle may weigh upon me, it cannot crush me down into a hopeless state ; out of every death, God creates life.

"My soul has been nurtured in various ways at Pyrmont ; my cold, sluggish spirit might have received warmth and life, had it been so disposed. Noble men of God were there, who let their light shine to the praise of their good Father in heaven. The excellent Gleim presented me with his Halladat, which gave me the liveliest pleasure. The acquaintance of this man is to me like a newly found treasure. The first time I saw him, my heart cried out, there is a Nathaniel, in whose spirit is no guile ! I am happy in his promise to visit us next year.

"P. S. Should you answer this letter, I entreat you not to mention the decline of my health ; it may, and probably will improve again, and it would be very wrong in me to disquiet him who is always so careful and anxious for my welfare."

“The following lines,” adds Caroline Herder, “appear to have been composed by the Countess about this time :

‘Grief and pain and death approach,
Yet from their depths my spirit saith,
God is my Father and my God.
Hope, dejection, sorrow, faith,
All, O God ! to Thee I bring.
And when all my comforts flee,
And when my strength is turned to nought,
Myself I will resign to Thee.
Fainting, dying, lean on Him ;
He will strength and comfort give,
Till with angels’ rapturous songs
Before Him thou shalt kneel and live.’

LETTER XXXVI.

“I have been looking for a hymn of which I know but one verse, which runs thus,

‘Will it not a pleasure be,
When those whom death has ta’en,
Shall meet us once again
And greet us joyfully?
When trials sharp and rude
Are every one subdued,
Will that not a pleasure be?’

The hymn moved me exceedingly before I had lost brother, sister, child and friend. However, whether I find it or not is of no consequence, if I may only actually ripen for that joy, ripen for it, God be praised, through darkness and death !

“May the words of life so gladden your own soul upon the present Sabbath, that you may convey healing to all whom you shall guide to the living fountains !”

The following letter shows the occasional inequality of her spirits :

Nov 2, 1775.—“ All, all gives way to the deepest sadness, crushing my heart on every side. Ah! lovely fields of Elysium, must ye ever be distant from me? How long and narrow are these earthly limits! And yet at last, at last, it will be well with every righteous one, with every one who has been faithful to his best thoughts and convictions; and even while under these veils and tabernacles, we may dare to anticipate the song of victory. Give me but a pure heart, O God, and I shall fail of no needful consolation and support. The pure heart only can be happy and see God. Grant but the pure heart! Then shall all the vapors vanish, and even I, after my long, long night, enjoy the day-spring from on high. I feel the truth of the word, *I have yet many things to say, but ye cannot bear them now*; we will therefore let them alone, and derive our strength and power from the God of love, in fulfilling the law of Christ, to bear the burdens of one another.

Yours ever, &c.”

Feb. 15, 1776.—“ You must not shake your head, if I call that good, which others usually term dangerous. But you must wish me grace and strength from above, if my desire to depart is to remain unfulfilled, and I am still to sojourn longer in this beautiful world. Other wishes, which led me formerly to pay greater attention to my health, are gone and exist no longer. It is now my first duty to learn to die. And you my friend, who have set before me in the most glorious and impressive manner, the resurrection and immortal life, will surely rejoice with me, especially since we could no longer live with one an-

other.—Blessed, blessed words!—‘*Your redemption draweth nigh.*’ Yes, I will lift up my head higher than guilt, innocence or fate! My soul breathes the fragrance of the resurrection. Doth God call me into the wilderness?—I follow thither; the wilderness will become a heaven. Doth He melt the mountains and cause the hills to fall?—so let it be! only his grace and peace let Him not remove from me.

“It is true, my wise and beloved instructor, that the spring always brings some remarkable vicissitude to me—in the present one, I think that either my own death, or the death of the being dearest to me will take place, and in either case I die. In whatever may happen, I would acquiesce; *for I am not my own.* I can say however with Logan, ‘I have no fear of death when he comes only for me, but tremble before him when he seizes on mine.’

‘About this time,’ adds Caroline Herder, ‘the Countess suffered great anxiety on account of the health of the Count, whose situation, even to Herder, appeared critical. Her suffering was increased by her not daring to question him, much less to propose any medicine or even entreat him to resort to remedies. He relied entirely upon himself in the treatment of his case, and prescribed his own medicines, insisting that he best understood his constitution. The Countess suffered inexpressibly under the fear of losing “*her all*,” and gave utterance to her feelings in the most touching manner in her letters to Herder.’

“The sorrowful impression (she says) was fixed upon me during my lord’s birth-day, that he would soon go hence; it agitated me beyond description; I should not desire to survive him, and I could not long. I will be frank with you, and confess my dreams—but only to your-

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selves—others would not bear with them. Twice, within a short time, I have dreamed of heavenly music—it seemed to pass before my chamber, to single me out, and as it were, call to me; the whole house was aroused by it, I was in great alarm, apprehending that spirits were present—I would not look at them and fled away—then I awoke, and found it was a dream, but one of which I can hardly understand the import. I know that you will not take offence at it, but receive it with the kindness with which you have so often overlooked and borne with me.”

LETTER XLIII.

April 9, 1776.—“How agreeable and delightful it is to me, that you and your angel-wife intend to accompany the children on Sunday to confirmation;—that we may then unite together once more at the table of Jesus. I shall not probably be with you there again on earth, but we shall meet again to drink the new wine in our Father’s Kingdom. Do not be distressed, my beloved teacher, God will guide us all in the right way. To you especially, these words apply, ‘*The Lord shall ever lead thee; he shall satisfy thy soul in the desert; thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a fountain whose waters fail not.*’ ”

LETTER XLIV.

April 15, 1776.—“With extreme regret I inform you that I am unable this morning either to go to church or to the communion. I am indeed ill from head to foot, and my physician peremptorily forbids it. It grieves me to the heart, I must confess, I had so long and so joyfully anticipated this day. But my Redeemer will not accept

sacrifice and offerings from me ; indeed, I have none to give him ; the gracious God, blessed be his name ! requires of me something quite different from gratifications and pleasures of my own choosing. May He but enable me to fulfil the work to which he has appointed me—me a worm of the dust, and teach me for all things to thank him.

“ My illness is nothing new—it is only an aggravation of my old cough, with an increase of fever.”

LETTER XLV.

“ Statthagen, May, 1776.

“ I cannot neglect, my excellent friend and teacher, to thank you, in two words at least, for the pleasure your visit here gave me ; it has rendered me far more tranquil. God will reward you for this token of your friendship. Would that you had been more plain-spoken ! I was strong enough to have listened to all, even to what might have been disagreeable. I am still nurtured by your sermon, and it was most refreshing to me, as I had been so long deprived of hearing the word of God. I also heartily thank your dear wife, for being willing to spare you away from her so long. You did indeed perform a good work ; a sick person was strengthened for a long time to come, and many, many well ones were made happy. And now may God love and bless you and your wife and child. Until my last breath, yours with true esteem. MARIA.

P. S. To-morrow I return to my beloved Baum.”

In a following billet written from Baum, May 15, she thanks Herder for a letter which had given her “ heavenly comfort and encouragement.”—“ Even when I forget every thing and am unable to grasp any thought, the ever

gracious will of my beneficent Creator is my peace and happiness. No one is good save God.—I most surely am not—yet I have no suffering—only a well merited fatherly rod imparting to me innumerable benefits, and I can calmly kiss the dear hand from which it comes. I am your work, you must not leave me unfinished. To remember Jesus Christ who is risen from the dead—that is my desire and endeavor.”—She then says with much confidence that she is again better and gaining strength every day, and continues, “Be easy therefore with respect to seeing me. I shall certainly be aware of it when death approaches, and when I perceive it near you shall surely be summoned; be easy therefore, I entreat you, and have faith in God.—But what was the petition which lay near your heart? Out with it, I will gladly do any thing I can. To me your letters are always dear, welcome and blessed; but you must not expect punctual answers from one who is half ill. Yet well or ill, I am your pupil,
MARIA.”

The following is a part of her last letter, dated Baum, June 1, 1776. She died 16th June.

“Were I to tell you how important and interesting this month is to me, you would listen and sing Hallelujahs with me. June 16, 1744, was my birth-day and that of my twin brother, and the day of my mother’s death.—June 15, 1760, I left my father’s house, and arrived on the 21st, at my only sister’s.—June 15, 1761, I was confirmed.—June 30, 1771, my Emily was born.—June 18, 1774, the dear child died.—The nerves of my face and limbs are surprisingly weak. My hand trembles so much that I can write but little, and the trembling continues through the day. Your dear wife, to whom you must re-

member me, will excuse my not replying to her ; my improvement proceeds very slowly. That God may bless and love all of you, is the daily wish of," &c.

She died on her birth-day in the same month, June 16, 1776. L. O.

TO THE SANGUINARIA.

WHITE-ROBED blossom ! Spring's frailest nursling !
The last winged snow-flake, airy and light,
Changed to a flower, all wrapp'd in a blanket,
To keep thee quite warm, through the chill starry night.

Oft have I been by the stream in the woodland,
To watch thy first blossom peep out from its fold,
(Like some little wanderer with feet bare and bleeding,
But eyes warm and bright, spite the frost and the cold)

How dear to me thou art, may not be spoken !
Sweet was the spring-day, and soft was the air,
When here 'mid the buds a small grave we opened,
And gently laid down our baby so fair.

Voice from the spirit-land ! Sweet angel-token !
Whisper thine errand of peace to my soul !
'The silver cord loosed and the golden bowl broken,'
Of the story of life, sure is not the whole !

Silently coming, the gentle spring flowers
Utter more wisdom, may be, than thou heed'st ;—
Open thy spirit's ear, listen and hear it !
'Whom ye call departed, are here in your midst !'

M. E. R.

THE UNSEEN VISITOR.

I WAS told the other day of an incident which I will relate to my young friends, for it may be to them what it was to me, a hint for the study of an interesting lesson.

A friend upon returning to her home, from which she had been absent some time, was told, that while she was away there came to the house one day, a very beautiful and gentle looking lady, who, upon being told that her friend was not at home, and would be absent for a long time, looked very sorrowful, and as if she could not bear to leave the house; she waited some moments at the door, and then asked if she might be allowed to enter, and be shown the chamber which this friend occupied. This request was granted and she went in. She was shown up stairs, and into the chamber where this friend passed the greater part of her time. She looked about upon every thing in the room, upon the table where her friend sat at her writing, upon the bed where her last waking thoughts gradually changed themselves into visions of the night; upon the pictures, especially upon that one which showed the features of the friend whose home was now in the bright heavens; she then opened the closet door and looked at the dresses which hung up, took hold of them, and sighed that she who wore them was not present. After she had stayed long enough to note all the objects which her friend's eyes daily rested upon, she went away. When I was told of this incident, I asked whether we should all like to be so visited. Is the chamber we leave, in such order that we should be willing that those we best love should come and remain in it, that they

may call to mind the dear friend who is absent? Is the closet, that hidden place, so arranged that a friend may open the door and see in it the marks of their friend, seeming still to speak to them as they did when they saw them in the dress which now hangs before them? Suppose for a moment that upon such a visit as our friend made, she should have witnessed when she entered this silent chamber the appearance of disorder, confusion, and want of cleanliness; that the closet in which she had hoped to see hung up some well known dress, had disclosed nothing that was agreeable for the eye to rest upon, would she not at such a scene have felt that her friend was indeed far from her, and could not be easily recalled? Would the love which had prompted her to visit the place where her friend dwelt, be satisfied at such proofs of her manner of living? Would she not have felt disappointed at the story that these silent objects would have told her, and have felt that she had been deceived in her?

I wish my young friends to think of this, and ask themselves whether the places they may occupy are in such order, and in such a state, as to give pleasure to the heart of a friend who should come in their absence to sit themselves down in their room that they may more vividly call to mind the loved one who is away, by looking upon the objects they had left behind them. And I wish them to carry out the idea still farther, and remember that there is always a dear Friend, who is all loveliness, and all beauty, who visits us daily and hourly whether we are in our accustomed homes or away from them; that He has given us a temple to live in wherein we are so to live as to be ever ready to receive his visits, and more than

willing that He should open the door of our most secret places, where He may see how far we are true to ourselves, how far our thoughts correspond to our words, and our words to our actions.

Let every one, young or old, bear in mind as they place in order the homes which they occupy, that by this act, they do something towards keeping in mind the great truth, that we are never alone; that the home of our spirits as well as our earthly home should always be in readiness to receive the angel of love. s. c. c.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

In an old lonely country-house, one gloomy November day, sat a mother teaching her children. They had gathered in one room, for they were now almost alone in the house, and their voices and steps echoed dismally in the large rooms which had been crowded by summer friends. This was one of those few dull days of our climate when the sun loses its cheerfulness and seems to withdraw into itself. The wind swept among the trees and whirled about the thick heaps of dead leaves. The large boughs cracked drearily, and every sight and sound betokened the swift coming of winter. The children had been chilled by the cold wind and sought shelter in the house, and over the fireside forgot the weather, and were as happy as if June skies and sports awaited them tomorrow. Not so their mother. It was a day to bring

cheerless and desponding thoughts, and she could not forget how many pleasures were leaving them in the parting year. No more rides or rambles; no more hours passed under the tree or by the brook-side; no more visits from their friends. She thought of the advantages a city offered to waken the minds and form the taste, at this season when Nature leaves us to our own resources, and she felt that a more varied life would be better, as well as more agreeable. Then again she remembered that when there were more attractions she might apply herself more steadily to the task before her; she thought how much must be done for these little ones before they could become brave men and accomplished women armed at all points for the conflict of life. In a few years this would be expected from them, and the time seemed short for the work to be done.

In these musings she had ceased her occupation, which was drawing pictures for them to paint; and little hands of all colors of the rainbow were eagerly held out for more. At this moment the door opened, and over the threshold came a figure more strange and uncouth than mortal eyes had ever seen. At first it looked like a small round ball; but as it moved you saw that it was a heap of claws like a crab's; these it thrust out continually, and by rolling forward on one after another, it moved along. It had neither body nor head, and walked as easily on one side as the other.

Next followed a large swollen creature much the color of an India-rubber bladder, and apparently as light; his small smooth feet could scarcely keep his inflated body on the ground; frequently it would bound into the air; falling he would remain on his back. Next came a tall

willing that He should open the door of our most secret places, where He may see how far we are true to ourselves, how far our thoughts correspond to our words, and our words to our actions.

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In these musings she had ceased her occupation, which was drawing pictures for them to paint; and little hands of all colors of the rainbow were eagerly held out for more. At this moment the door opened, and over the threshold came a figure more strange and uncouth than mortal eyes had ever seen. At first it looked like a small round ball; but as it moved you saw that it was a heap of claws like a crab's; these it thrust out continually, and by rolling forward on one after another, it moved along. It had neither body nor head, and walked as easily on one side as the other.

Next followed a large swollen creature much the color of an India-rubber bladder, and apparently as light; his small smooth feet could scarcely keep his inflated body on the ground; frequently it would bound into the air; falling he would remain on his back. Next came a tall

black helpless creature cased in a scaly coat, which seemed a most excellent armor, but in truth a pin might inflict a wound between the scales; he strutted along on two short legs, holding out his front ones in a wearisome manner to support himself. Then followed a huge unwieldy creature, too clumsy to move, and only forced along by the crowd behind. The children, alarmed by such unearthly creatures, clung to their mother and looked in her face to see what they ought to feel. At first she doubted if she really saw them; she closed and opened her eyes; they were there still in the broad daylight, and there also were her children and familiar objects. On they moved in a slow long procession, silently through the opposite doorway; and fresh monsters were seen in the entry and on the stairs. They uttered no sound; their feet were noiseless; they seemed to have no evil purpose. So gaining courage, she asked them at last, Were they actual creatures, or mere shadows, and wherefore did they come? "We are real beings," replied a voice which came she knew not whence, for no one of them paused in his solemn walk; "but we live not like those you know on earth; each of us is the symbol of some fault of the children of men. The foremost you see is Selfishness; though small in appearance, he is the leader and introducer of all others; you see his heart and substance are frittered away, from his eagerness to grasp. The next is Vanity, a creature of little worth and no use even to himself. Next is Pride, toiling painfully on two legs, when he might travel easily upon four; boasting himself invulnerable where he lies most open to a touch, and carrying his head at its utmost height while a slight blow would prostrate it in

the dust. Indolence you will readily recognize, and Anger, Stubbornness, and every other shape of evil. They came to aid your lessons to impress on these young hearts the dread of that evil whose symbols we are. As the sight of a man struggling for life would teach them the dangers of the water more than all your tender cautions, so from us shall they learn the ugliness of sin, and do it not."

The last of the train moved slowly through the doorway and disappeared. After that day and elsewhere they were never seen. The children could not forget the awful vision. Afterward when one of them was tempted to commit some fault—to be a little selfish, a little wilful or lazy, their mother needed only to remind them that this was the same fault whose existence caused such monsters.

[From the *Gulistan*, or Flower-Garden of Sheikh Sadi, translated into English by James Ross, Esq. London, 1823.]

A KING ordered an eminent person to be put to death. The man said, "Seek not your own hurt by venting any anger you may entertain against me." The king asked, "How?" He replied, "The pain of this punishment will continue with me for a moment, but the sin of it will endure with you forever : ' the period of this life passes by like the wind of the desert ; joy and sorrow, beauty and deformity equally pass away : the tyrant vainly thought that he did me an injury, but round his neck it clung, and passed over me.' " The king profited by this advice, spared his life, and asked his forgiveness.

THE CIRCUS.

I REMEMBER, as if it was last night, my first play:—My father and mother had gone out, and my little brother (that was you) and myself sat down to hear the story of Cinderella from our new nurse. The night gowns were laid on the bed, and the blanket was toasting at the fire to wrap our feet in. Then our dear old Jack stepped into the room and said, "I want Miss Susan to go with me to the circus." "What!" says nurse, "to the circus, my mistress wouldn't think of letting her go, and I wouldn't do it for my place."—But Jack had lived with us before the nurse and took all on himself and said he would come home early and stand between nurse and my mother if there was any trouble. So I put on my coat and hat instead of my night gown and night cap, and nurse said Cinderella was come true now, and off I trotted. I promised to tell you all about it when I came home, and nurse gave you a queenscake to make up for not going with us. I had never been in the street before when the lamps were lighted, and I wondered why papa and mamma sat at home every evening when they might go out and see the show for nothing. And I remember the great tent and the blazing candles and the clapping people, as if I saw them yesterday instead of ten years ago.

When the spotted horses were brought in, I thought they must be the leopards I had read of, and told Jack I knew what kind of animals they were, and when the clown came in, I laughed at Jack for trying to make me believe he was a real man. The play was "Dame Trot and her comical cat," and I screamed aloud with delight

when Harlequin made the cups and saucers fly off the table with his wooden sword. I was very much taken with Harlequin, he was so like my new Kaleidoscope, all a twinkle of colors, and I asked Jack why the people didn't have him for President. When I got home my father and mother were in the parlor and my father said, "Jack, I must scold you for taking my little girl out to-night. I would not have done it myself for twenty pounds." Jack looked very sober, and said he meant no harm.—"I hope none will come of it," said my father, "but never do such a thing again while you live with me." I was sorry for Jack, he meant so kindly by me, and glad when mamma said, "I know he will never disobey orders"—and I told mamma there was a baby only two years old there, and I thought I was too big to go instead of being too little. Mamma kissed me and gave me a biscuit, and sent me to bed. I tried to wake you up and tell you all, but got asleep first myself, and in the morning I was waked by a prick in my side, and the bed was full of sharp crumbs of biscuit; then I told you of the wonders I had seen, and we tried to turn somersets on the bed like the clown. After we were dressed I got a piece of stout twine, for I could not find a rope, and began trying to stand on it, but I could not make out at all, and when mamma called out not to have the children make so much noise, I said, "Dear me, how can she say so, why they call this still vaulting." Then we tried to stand on one foot on the rocking horse, as I had seen the man do on a real horse at the circus; but we tumbled off so often, that at last, we tied on the big doll, but she bobbed about frightfully, and I had to put the smallest jointed one on in her place, and we pinned a paper star on her head, and called

her "Fair Star"—and I told you of the man who was put into a sack and came out a woman, and you wanted to try it. So we put you into a large blanket bag, and as soon as you put your head out I tied a bonnet on it, and when you got a little farther, I threw a shawl over you, and we laughed till we fell down on the floor. Then I put on mamma's cap, and got our grey pussy to come up stairs, and invited my uncle to see Dame Trot and her comical cat, but she behaved so badly when I pulled her tail to make her mew, and seemed to have so little sense of the fun, that my uncle said it was the most tragical thing he ever saw.

ACCEPTABLE WORSHIP.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Not worthiest is his worship who afar
Retired from crowds, in meditation deep,
Passes his days beyond the maddened sweep
Of stormy passions and the angry jar
Of clashing interests, that naught may mar
His inward peace, though all his hours are given
To prayer and penitence and dreams of heaven—
Nor his whose set responses loudest are
In the full temple, when the many kneel
To utter forms the spirit does not feel—
For not in words, though breathed from tongues of flame,
Is the full heart of love revealed the best;
Nor in unuttered thoughts, that fill the breast
With quiet, and the bounding pulses tame.

ACTION—untiring, earnest, bold and free,
 Its Impulse, Love—its object, Truth and Right—
 By holy zeal sustained—by heavenly light
 Directed ever, though thick darkness be
 Over the earth, and men no longer see
 The Soul's great birth-right—ACTION, such as this
 Is holiest worship—and a purer bliss
 Attends the offering than the devotee
 Of forms can know. Words, offspring of the brain,
 High-sounding yet not heart-born, are in vain—
 The heart turns loathing from them that hath known
 The baptism of the Spirit—turns, to find
 Its joy in DOING—deeming thus His mind
 Hath CHRIST, our Head and great Exemplar, shown.

Wouldst thou, then, offer, with a willing mind,
 A sacrifice acceptable to Him
 Before whose throne adoring Seraphim
 Bend with veiled faces? Labor for thy kind—
 Uphold the feeble and direct the blind—
 Reclaim the wandering—the lost restore—
 And bid the erring go and sin no more—
 Live for Humanity, and thou shalt find
 Peace which the selfish heart can never know;
 Joys that from holy action only, flow.
 Be bold in Truth—though all the world despise—
 Be strong for Right—though all the world oppose—
 Be free in Love—though all men are thy foes—
 And God will smile upon thy sacrifice!

—*Christian Freeman.*

The beau ideal of duty is not given by what has been done or attained, not behind but before us.

C. FOLLEN.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A CAT.

DURING a hard snow storm last winter, a kitten with a broken leg hopped into the hall door of a gentleman's house in Brooklyn, and began a piteous mewing. He ordered one of the servants to throw the kitten into the street, when his little daughter, a child of eight years, caught it in her arms and begged to be allowed to keep it and nurse it. The father refused, but the child begged so earnestly that he at last allowed her to keep it.

The child nursed her pet until it got well, and the cat, unlike the majority of its species, returned all the fondness of its gentle nurse.

A few weeks since, the little girl fell sick and was confined to her bed, and it was almost impossible to keep the cat away from her. As the child grew sicker, the cat grew more troublesome, by mewing and constantly jumping upon the bed where she lay. It was impossible to drive her out of the room, until at last, the child being near her end, the cat stretched herself out near the bed and appeared to be dying; it was taken into an adjoining room and put upon a rug. "Take care of my poor kitten," said the little girl, as she saw them take it away.

In a few hours the child died, and when they went into the adjoining room the cat lay dead upon the rug. [Broadway Journal.

Better is a wise enemy than a foolish friend.